

## Tranzas

### "Wafers And Wine Of Sandblast Times"

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There were smelling salts that day, and she was like him was like them was like us, holding plagiarized decisions based off backlogs of survival tactics in another phone booth founded on shattered glass and traffic stops. and every one of those corner dives had quiet young teeth that were ready to spark the hidden cameras... ready to document the damns and fights of revolt built on a stolen dime. and we all screamed, "nevermind the cops. just keep your head down and your eyes on your watch and when the sky turns loud and your body shakes apart, give them a horror / sight of how the vigilantes march." there was a halo of shock that night that surrounded the city halls, the statue stones. it blocked the doors and gave up the roads to threats and running hostile codes. cadavers rose and walked out of morgues and looked for new ways to signal out that the hired guns will not work tonight. that the mains will run wild tonight.

That the sewers' residents, the alley's inhabitants, the orders' vacants...

All toss their livened limbs into tonight

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